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THE PREACHER AND THE WORLD.

IN the interesting story of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck, which has been recorded by St. Luke in the book of the Acts, we find that the Apostle endeavored to dissuade the soldier in charge from setting forth, but without success: "The centurion believed the owner and master of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." As the event proved, it would have been better if the soldier had listened to the Apostle; and yet it could hardly have been expected that he would; and, had the event been otherwise, his superiors might well have complained, that, instead of being guided by the advice of merchants and mariners, he had allowed himself to be influenced by a landsman and a scholar. Paul the Apostle, the man of visions and revelations, or even the wise, because unselfish, honest, and calm adviser, was nothing to the centurion. He had possibly no knowledge, certainly no faith, either in the signs and wonders of Christianity, or in Christianity itself, and Paul's judgment was for him like the opinion of any inexperienced person. The Apostle seems not to have pressed his view upon grounds

that would have been recognized by experts in seamanship; he rather appealed to some private and incommunicable reasons, which those about him, inasmuch as they were not fellow-Christians, could not be expected to appreciate. They said, and from their stand-point very properly, Let him preach his new religion, let him convert us to it if he can; but let the master and the owner sail the ship! When it comes to navigation, the poorest seaman is better than the best preacher. The gods may have come down to us in the likeness of men. This adviser may be the god Neptune, or one of the Dioscuri in disguise; but we have no means of knowing it: we can see in him only a Jew, an innovator, and an enthusiast. In the circumstances, then, it was inevitable that Paul's counsel should go unheeded. It was not permitted to him to control the course of the voyage, or to ward off the suffering and loss that attended it. And yet who can read that simple but thrilling story of peril, disaster, and marvelous escape, and not say that it was an unspeakable blessing to that poor ship's company to have in the midst of them the unheeded, and, as they said, unpractical Apostle? In the end they owed their lives, and some of them what was worth infinitely more than their lives, to him whose presence was the earnest of a peculiar providence; and even if they and their ship had gone down together, they might have blessed in their dying the preacher of the risen Christ,—the Apostle of the soul's resurrection.

This story from the life of St. Paul illustrates the relation which is held by Religion, especially by the Gospel, to the ordinary affairs of the world; it reminds us of its place and its function, of what it cannot do and of what it can do,—whether in shaping or in overruling events, whether in preventing or in remedying disaster, whether in keeping men out of trouble or in consoling and guiding them after they have fallen into it. It is suggestive as to the bearing of Religion upon the deeds and the misdeeds of the world's workers, schemers, and governors. It reminds the believer

of a success, and a grand success too, which under no circumstances will be denied him, of a ministry to be discharged by him that will be recognized by the most narrowly utilitarian persons as eminently serviceable. It enables us to repel some charges which have been brought, in our day, against the Gospel ministry by a few whose zeal is to be commended before their wisdom. Let me try to gather up some of these lessons.

1. Observe then, first, that there were circumstances in which even the Apostle Paul could not get a favorable hearing, and indeed gained nothing from speaking beyond the satisfaction of having borne his testimony. Religion cannot hope to acquire, and, as it would seem, will not be wise in striving after, save in a few uncommon cases, a direct control in worldly affairs, — in matters of business or statesmanship, in questions about social usages which divide equally sincere persons, in any of those concerns which demand of one who would order them aright, not only a high purpose and a true spirit, but also a knowledge of the facts in the case, and a familiarity with their various and perhaps complicated relations. It is pleasant to sketch the picture of a religious teacher who is a general adviser; but for the most part it must be a fancy picture: in days of great simplicity, and in small communities, such an imagination may be profitably embodied; but it does not belong to a state of high civilization, with its multitude of arts and sciences, with the conflicts and intricacies of its industries and its politics, and the thousand and one delicate questions which are sure to arise when we pass from the abstract to the concrete, and try to translate truth into life. The religionist may be at once spiritual teacher, physiologist, financier, mechanic, politician; but it must be amongst a very simple folk, who have not reached that fineness of organization which belongs to maturity, whether in nature or in man. We have no visions and revelations as to business and statesmanship; and if we had, it is to be feared that, as in the case of Paul, we should not

find enough fellow-believers to make them practically available. It is as much a mistake to ask for direct guidance in affairs from the religionist, as it is to look into the Bible, which is the Book of the soul, for lessons in astronomy or geology or ethnology, which are not indispensable to the soul's everlasting life. There are indeed religious teachers who, in the hope of being, as they say, more practical, and of gaining the ear of the slumberer, venture far and wide in the application of their truth, and scarcely leave the individual Christian any opportunity for the exercise of his individual conscience and judgment. They will undertake to tell you how you must manage your factories, and sail your ships, and sell your merchandise, and conduct your exchanges, — what you must eat, drink, and wear, — how your houses should be furnished, your children educated, your cities drained and ventilated, — with whom you should keep company, and whom you should choose for office. And we have been told by one who claims to be a high authority in this matter, and to be called upon to show what the Christian pulpit should be and do, that nothing short of these brave ventures can save the ministry of the Gospel from the reproach of dulness and inefficiency, — from the charge of exhausting the patience of the faithful with abstractions, generalities, and commonplaces.

Now, in the way of filling out this vast programme there would seem to be two serious obstacles. In the first place, where are we to find the encyclopædic men who shall be competent to give counsel that shall be worth anything upon matters so weighty and so various? — and is it not to be feared that those who should aim to be such proficient would fail to reach anything like completeness in the Christian knowledge and the Christian graces that must come first? The Church has had, I know, famous statesmen, but for the most part they were poor priests; and whilst they were sending armies hither and thither, to good purpose, perhaps, as this generation would judge, the sheep languished

or wandered for want of a shepherd. And when such men flourished the division of labor was little understood. Nothing is more fitted to degrade the Christian ministry in the estimation of all judicious persons, than crude discourses upon what are called the topics of the day by men who only half understand them, and strive to supply with smartness what is lacking in soundness. Sincerity and charity are indeed of prime importance, but they will not make you a physiologist, or a financier, or a statesman.

The other difficulty is found in the fact of the honest diversities of opinion amongst those who are at one in the reception of great religious and moral principles, — diversities which can be harmonized only by conference, and seem to preclude *ex parte* statements or appeals in the presence of those who are met, not for the adjustment of differences, but for the common worship of God, and the study of a Gospel in which all profess to believe. These difficulties may be unduly magnified by the over-sensitive, or perversely pressed by some who would maintain a slumbering rather than a good conscience, or urged in apology for a style of discoursing which would be regarded as simple and evangelical, but is juiceless and meaningless and nerveless and utterly insignificant, — or suffered to rule out of public religious discourse the great topics of social and national morality which demand a broad dispassionate and unpartisan treatment; — nevertheless they *are* difficulties, and must be felt, if not by here and there a prodigy real or supposed, who harangues his thousands in some hall of science, yet by the humbler, and, it may be, quite as useful multitude of priests, preachers, and teachers, who, without vast learning or a particle of genius, must get a hearing for the Word of Jesus from wise and simple, as well by daily and persistent ministrations — the private ministry of the Word — as by the public testimony for the truth. Do you think that the households of a community — the households not only of the choice and cultivated few, but of the lowly and the poor, of the untaught

and the uninviting perhaps—could look for the bread of Christian edification to a few eloquent declaimers? We have been told that the churches are very wearisome places, and this because the ministers for the most part do not instruct the people for whom they should vote, or recite the news of the day. But is voting the chief end of man, and of woman too?—and have we not newspapers for the news? and are there not topics which are the same, and have the same interest yesterday, to-day, and forever? If in our sermons we are to tell the people how to vote, ought we not to run up appropriate flags upon towers and steeples? I admit that the difficulties to which I have referred are unduly magnified when they preclude the religionist from calling attention to those great social evils and sins which can have no place in the kingdom of Christ on earth, or tempt him to emphasize dogma and ceremony at the expense of those sweet humanities which are the legitimate fruits of a living Christian spirit, and without which we cannot be said to have a Gospel. There are obstacles to the discussion rather of *ways and means*, of *methods and persons*, than of the great ends of private and public righteousness, of social and political morality. Individual conscience, judgment, taste, opportunity, will suggest one and another measure here to one and another person. But, to a greater or less extent, the difficulties will remain: and even if Paul speaks, and speaks wisely, the master and the owner will be believed rather than he.

2. And yet, notwithstanding that these things are so, we are not justified in treating the religionist with contempt or neglect as a useless person. For, in the first place, when the Gospel is earnestly, faithfully, and wisely administered, it exerts a mighty though indirect control upon human affairs, and, if not in a day, yet in the long run is sure to make its beneficent power felt in every department of our life. In the instance which has been referred to, we see plainly that even the Apostle could have gained a favorable

hearing for his opinion only by winning a majority of those entitled to advise to a persuasion of his supernatural knowledge. In the circumstances, facts and reasonings unto that end, and that only, would have been pertinent and profitable. The largest discussion with reference to winds and currents and lee shores would have availed nothing. So it is the first business of the Christian preacher to make Christians. If men are *really* Christians, they will be sure to act like Christians. "He that is born of God cannot commit sin." If the teacher can help them to apply Christianity, so much the better; but if he and they are really Christian in heart, in conscience, in understanding,—if they are really full of the Gospel,—it will not be found so very difficult to make the application. The world is suffering, even in its worldly interests, for the lack of the faith, hope, and love of Christ, more than for anything else; and he who can minister these is a benefactor to society.

I accept it as a most righteous judgment upon much which has gone by the name of Gospel ministration, that not a few persons crave, instead of such insignificances, a sanitary lecture, a discourse upon physiology or political economy, or a partisan harangue. I have even heard of ministers whose topics were so far reduced that they discoursed to the people upon the sin of drinking tea and coffee. It is difficult to see how any earnest persons can be interested or helped by the mere traditions, the dry dogmas, the cold and decent moralities, the feeble prettinesses or the vain threats, the bows in the clouds or the spent thunderbolts, of an effete Gospel. But does any one of us need to be told that these are not that great Word of God which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and which, when it really gets possession of a man's soul, rules and blesses it for evermore? Does any one of us need to be told, that to be a Christian is not merely to do better in an outward way, but to be through and through a new creature? What are these truths, stigmatized by some as

generalities, as lifeless abstractions? They are the commandments,—Love God with all your heart! Love your neighbor as yourself! Under all conceivable circumstances, obey God rather than man; and if you are called to suffer for such obedience, take it patiently, not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing, as followers of the Lamb of God, who can take blows, but cannot give them. They are the assurances that in Christ we shall find our Heavenly Father, reconciling us to himself, coming to dwell in our hearts, to enlighten our consciences, to bring down the angels of heaven to our side, to cast out the demons of selfishness and sensuality and pride and wrath,—one who will cleave to us if we will cleave to him, and will make our sacrifices, our tears and sweat and blood, not only tolerable, but sweet. They are promises of righteousness to those who really desire it, of heaven to those who will seek for it through faith and hope and love, of a kingdom in us here and about us hereafter. They are admonitions to a daily and hourly fidelity in all things whatsoever, enforced by His glorious example who did no sin, who went about doing good, who had compassion upon the multitude, who preached the Gospel to the poor, and who, gentle Judge as he is, will say at the last day to the workers of iniquity,—no matter how zealously they may have cried, Lord, Lord!—depart from me! I know ye not whence ye are! These were the truths which were preached in the beginning to Jew and Gentile, to bond and free, and Christendom is the result. The same truths, only believe in them and give them time, will create a better Christendom, a world whose animating principle shall be more and more the spirit of love,—love for Him who first loved us, love for those of every name and race whom Christ calls his brethren, and is seeking to exalt to his own right hand in the everlasting glory. These truths are to be illustrated by the experiences of our every-day lives; and doubtless that is an unwise and morbid sensitiveness which would exclude such

familiar illustrations ; but the illustrations are secondary to the truths, — and let us never forget, that when our faith and joy in these truths are gone, all is gone : the distinctive work of the Christian preacher is suspended, and if any other work is undertaken by him in its stead, the Church becomes, first, a lecture-room, and then is closed altogether. One may be a ritualist or a dogmatist or a legalist, and be the worse rather than the better for ritual, dogma, legality ; but if any man has seen the glory of the Father in the face of Christ, — if any man has caught any measure of the spirit of Christ, — he will surely be a more trustworthy man, in all relations, than one who has not attained to this vision and this life, simply because the quantity of his moral being has been increased. And let us say to those who do not love to hear secular sermons from clergymen, are you sure that you are willing to hear religious sermons, or are you as much wearied when God and Christ and heaven are spoken of as you are annoyed by a political discourse ?

One word more. The religionist is entitled to magnify his office, even when he has failed to get a hearing, and the hour of darkness has come ; because in the day of sore adversity faith, hope, and love are our abiding possessions, — garments which moth and rust cannot corrupt, treasures which thieves cannot dig through and steal. “Whoso heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a man who built his house upon a rock.” If you ask for calmness and sober judgments, for patience, sweetness, and hopefulness, for moderate counsels and brotherly words in perilous days, — if you would have those who are more willing to bear the burdens of others than to profit by their misfortunes, if you would have those who can look without despair and madness upon the wasting of their goods, you will find them just in proportion as you are able to find genuine friends of God and Christ. Where these abound the ship may be wrecked, but there shall be the loss of no man’s life among you ; of the life, I mean, which is more than meat, and which

is clad in that celestial body which is more than raiment. Other men may say, all these things are against me, — but the Christian will not say it; for he knows that God is for him, and that only they who forsake Him shall be written in the earth. The very foundations beneath him may be destroyed; but the heavens are sure, and the promises cannot fail, — and no sinfulness and folly of man can frustrate the merciful purpose of God. How beautifully does the light of the Gospel shine out in times of darkness! The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee! “Be of good cheer!” said Paul — a mere dreamer no longer, but a loving and helpful man — to that ship’s company. No reproaches, no taunting and triumphing; only sweet and comfortable words, with good, wholesome advice to take food, and not perish by starvation through fear of perishing by shipwreck. “God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.” So sang the inspired Hebrews. And read the glorious words of stout Martin Luther, as he holds on his way to the Diet at Worms: —

“A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He’ll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o’ertaken.

With force of arms we nothing can, —
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

And were this world all devils o’er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.

God’s word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,

But, spite of Hell, shall have its course, —
 'T is written by his finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small :
 These things shall vanish all ; —
 The City of God remaineth."

Whoso can say these things out of a Christian heart cannot be spared out of the ship in the voyage of life. Let such be heard ; but let him who degrades such speech into cant, or vain repetition, keep silence until he has learned to believe.

"Be of good cheer!" said our brave Apostle to those who were looking each moment to be shipwrecked ; and they are good words for all who have fallen upon dark and evil times. "If ye faint in the day of *adversity*, your strength is small." Any man who is not an atheist can give thanks for his blessings, but the Christian counts his sorrows blessings ; and, even when many things have been taken, or are likely to be taken, praises God, because he can lean back upon Him, and look up to Him, and hold by the same strong hand that bore up the fearful and sinking Peter. We need changes and chances as well as prosperity ; and it is written, "Because they have had no changes, therefore they fear not God." Let the fearful encounter their fears with charities, and strive to understand that the rest which the world may hope for is not rest *from* care, but rest *in* care, — great peace in great painfulness.

R. E.

THE ORIGINAL.

A QUIDAM tells me, "I am of no school,
 No master lives to give me rule ;"
 Of which I take it this is the amount,
 "I am a fool on my own account."

GOETHE.

HISTORY OF THE OXFORD SINGING-SCHOOL.

THE singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution, — not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive ; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures ; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy wending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milkwomen hieing thither with their pails ; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with

long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was ever out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children flared out in finer silks and broadcloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Corne-

lius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "fuguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all the other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

"How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the anti-strophes,

sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony, — Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

“T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.”

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis, — all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers — Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney — who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sulky criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of “Squeaking Tim.” But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and *some* thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder-storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus —" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the school-room like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some

guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe, — not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health, and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could n't be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifications, or, like Lot's wife, into salifactions, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was

gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antediluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to effect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two choral wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its

place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, called it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

The next thing was the choice of a leading chorister, for Mr. Solomon Huntington's term was drawing to its close. The "traps" of course went for Timothy Case, and the "locks" went for Peter Bettis. There was, however, a third party, which represented young Oxford, and which held the balance of power. They were mostly "traps" in principle, though they did not make that the most important plank in their platform. Peter Bettis, however, was chosen by a decided majority, for he rallied around him the kindly disposed of all parties, who would not see him rudely thrust from his place. He rose, with a good deal of emotion; his words were few, but to the point:—

"I thank you, my friends, for this honor, but I must decline. I will never sing with the choir huddled together like a flock of sheep."

Of course the reader will excuse him for drawing his imagery from his own bucolical reminiscences. The third party rallied its forces. They put forward, as their representative, a young blade by the name of Seth Hubbard.

Seth lived in a remote part of the town, but he was one of the rising lights of Oxford. He was fond of singing, fond of dancing, fond of female society, and female society was generally fond of him. He was engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and would have been to a third had not "circumstances prevented." There was a girl of smart, queenly appearance, that came up every Sunday from Mr. Thomas Cleveland's dairy-farm, and sat and sang in the quadrangle. Ellen Cleveland was among the best specimens of honest country life. Strength of muscle, mind, and heart had come to her from the work of the dairy-room. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were like two baldwins, and her ruby lips poured forth strains which could always be heard, clear as a lark's, in the highest and most tumultuous flights of the quadrangle. Her vocabulary was very limited, especially in the direction of polite phrases, and she cut short with the word "gammon" a great deal of the general nonsense at the country parties. It was currently reported and believed that Seth had tried to engage himself to Ellen Cleveland, that she cut him short with "gammon," that she applied her palms to his ears in such wise that fuguing tunes sang through his brain spontaneously for several hours, and that she set him whirling like one of her own cheeses till his face subsided into a homeward direction. This, however, had been hushed up, and Seth had come clear shining out of any little clouds of this sort. Every Sunday he came with his gilt buttons gleaming in the distance. As far as you could see Seth, so far you could see the rows of metal on him, shining in the sun. Even the clouds of dust which

the carriages raised along the road seldom shut out entirely the flimmer of the fourteen buttons as they hove in sight. You might say of Seth then, when on his way to church, more truly than Goethe does of the loved one, —

“I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder,
The dust be stirred.”

Seth was chosen first chorister by a triumphant majority. He was a decided “trap,” and some of that party having formed a coalition with young Oxford, carried the day. Almost all the older singers, who had given dignity and character to the quadrangle, went below into their pews. They were not going up into that pigeon-loft, let Grandville and all the world do as it might. Peter Bettis never sang any more. His mouth came closer and closer together, till he occupied the extreme left of the “locks,” and when the Orchestra party prevailed, it shut entirely, and he went below.

Great preparations had been made for the first Sunday after the reorganization of the choir. Mr. Solomon Huntington has closed his school and gone. The choir have met every evening in the week to practise under the new chorister, and it is expected there will be an uncommon blaze of harmony from the pigeon-loft on Sunday. Something must be done to shame the conservatives, and convince the “old fogies” of the quadrangle that theirs was not the music of the spheres.

Sunday comes: the choir are in their new seats, and Seth Hubbard shines in front in his twice sevenfold metallic brilliancy. During prayer time and sermon time there is much bustling and rustling and turning of leaves; at other times — but the reader must not expect me to describe the torrents of psalmody that rolled down from the pigeon-loft into the aisles. The grand effort, however, was reserved for the close. After the last prayer in the afternoon, Parson Harrison rose, and announced to the audience that the services

would close with a voluntary. Thereupon Seth Hubbard left the pigeon-loft and went below. The people stared and stretched their necks as he came wending up the broad aisle, flinging the golden sheen around him, till he stood in front of the deacons' seats, below the pulpit. Then the strophes and anti-strophes broke forth as follows : —

CHOIR (*in the loft*).

Come, pilgrim, come away,
C-o-m-e, p-i-l-g-r-i-m, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH (*below, solus*).

I hear the voice of angels,
They cry Co ——— me a ——— way,
C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

CHOIR.

C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH.

They cry Co ——— me a ——— way.

SECOND TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

BASS.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

TENOR.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

OMNES.

Come, pilgrim, come away.
 Come, come, come, come, come, come
 Come, pilgrim, come away,
 Come away — come away — come away — come away,
 C — o — m — e a — w — a — y.

SETH.

They cry, C — o — m — e a — w — a — y,
 Co — — — me, a — — — way,
 Co — — — me
 A — — — w — — — a — — — y.

All party distinctions in the choir seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Even the "locks" opened their mouths and leaned forward from the loft in a perfect deluge of harmony, and it was some time after the last lingering "Come away" had crept off through the vacuum of the "old maid's pew," and vanished, before the congregation came back to themselves. I watched Parson Harrison. He looked very solemn, and kept stroking the top of his head. I could understand why he should do it now to prevent his hair from rising up, though I do not know that this was his real motive.

"How did you like the singing?" was on everybody's lips as we came out of church. I was non-committal, for I really did not know what to say. My thoughts had taken a sort of spiral motion, and I preferred waiting till they subsided into their old channel. I saw the Clevelands walking ahead of me, and quickened my pace and came up with Ellen.

"I did n't hear your voice in the choir to-day."

"No. I sat below."

"You don't approve of the new arrangement?"

"O, I don't care a fig where the singers sit. 'Tis n't of so much consequence where the seats are as who fills them."

"I expected to hear you to-day, as I understand you belong to the 'traps.'"

"Well,—I mean to open my mouth so as to let the words come out without hitting, when there's anything to come out."

"That singing this afternoon I consider rather remarkable."

"Gammon."

The same performance was repeated two or three Sundays, after which the chorister sent notice to the pulpit that another voluntary was to come off.

Parson Harrison was one of the best of men, though when he had something disagreeable to say, or something which required more moral courage than usual, he never looked his audience in the face, but always looked straight at old Dick's pew. I have heard him preach some exceedingly pungent sermons, but he always poured them all in upon the negroes. Once, I remember, he preached a sermon against dancing, all of which went straight as an arrow at old Dick, though the poor old cripple could n't dance a step to save his life. The minister, in this new emergency, after the last prayer, made a pause, stroked the top of his head, which he seldom did in the pulpit, and looked at old Dick, from which I knew he was going to say something that gave him pain.

"The voluntary can be omitted. Shall we receive the Divine blessing?" And the congregation were dismissed.

Father Harrison had told some one that he thought the voluntary dissipated the solemn impression which he wanted the sermon to leave upon the minds of the people, and he felt obliged to leave it out.

We have come now to what may be called the "Decline and Fall" in the history of the Oxford singing-school, if not of the Oxford parish itself. The next Sunday both the quadrangle and the pigeon-loft were deserted and desolate. The hymns were given out, but nobody responded. I knew how deeply the minister felt it, for he looked under the stairs and preached at old Dick all day. In the afternoon, however, he gave out "Hymn 148," which in Dwight's edition

of Watts, you will see, if you turn to it, is preserved in its original beauty, having not yet been tinkered for the modern compilations. There was a subdued pleading in the voice of the venerable man, which was very tender and touching, as he read these stanzas:—

“Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

“*Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.*”

The pastor sat down after reading the hymn, and stroked the top of his head three times, as if waiting for a response. I could not see how the old singers below would resist the appealing pathos of his voice, as it quivered through the stanzas. I thought Peter Bettis would certainly open his mouth. But it had closed forever on the melodies and shut them in. The pastor was just taking up his notes when a female voice broke forth, at first subdued and almost choked with emotion, but finally it soared clear and bird-like, scaling the empty pigeon-loft and waking its echoes. It was Ellen Cleveland's. One voice after another dropped in as the strain went on. Even old Dick and black Phillis opened their mouths, and Cornelius responded from under the opposite stairs; and the last stanzas of the hymn went up from every part of the house, with an unction I have seldom witnessed:—

“The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
And walk the golden streets.”

It went up from the congregation as if a mighty wind had come suddenly and swept them like so many human lyres, and rolled away in a soothing and billowy motion through the

arches. It seemed to be alive and have a soul in it. People looked towards the Cleveland pew. Ellen's voice ruled the whole, and when the strain closed, her eyes were swimming in tears.

This went on for several Sundays, when lo! Seth Hubbard and his compeers reappeared in the pigeon-loft. They were determined, they said, to break up this screeching from all over the church. It was disgraceful. It was barbarous. They would see whether the pews would sing down the gallery. Fortunately they did not try. The pews became mute as the pigeon-loft became vocal. The pigeon-loft, however, were never after edified by the prayers and sermons, and they regarded their own performances the only ones which it was not a waste of time to hear. They spent the time between the singing in eating pea-nuts, reading newspapers, or making arrangements for the next ball, and thus they managed to fill up the hour at church rather pleasantly, notwithstanding the dull sermons and prayers.

Here my personal knowledge ceases, and I must write from hearsay the closing chapter of the history of the Oxford singing-school. I left the good old town to be educated somewhere else, and only came back to get short glimpses of the ancient church and its mutilated galleries. Good Mr. Harrison had left,—the kind-hearted old pastor, whose smooth, white hair was the silvery shine of the heavenly purities which he approached so near. The Scrapewells turned against him. "Squeaking Tim" went to the Baptists. Young Oxford thought they ought to have a minister who had some taste for music, and who kept up with the times. Jesse O. Whitney and his brother-in-law joined the Methodists, that their fuguing faculties might have unobstructed swing. Seth Hubbard, notwithstanding his metallic splendors, disappeared under a cloud which the reader will excuse me from describing. Old Dick had sunk into his grave,—not, I trust, without sanctifying grace, considering all the orthodox sermons which had been piled upon his head.

Ellen Cleveland was there,—no longer a tenant of the Cleveland pew, but of Esquire Brown's, whose daughter-in-law she was,—and she had brought up already three cottage flowers to be sprinkled with baptismal waters. There was no settled pastor; a preacher was “supplying,” and the church was about half full. A new set had succeeded to the pigeon-loft, assisted by a flute and a violin. There was nothing in its performances to blame, and not much to praise; but it made me sigh for the golden days of Peter Bettis.

I by no means affirm that the singing-school was the cause of all this decline. I only aim to give its beginning, its middle, and its end. Certain I am that things went rapidly down as soon as the quadrangle was broken up. Certain I am, too, that they went rapidly up again in the short interval when Ellen Cleveland led off the congregation; and we came out of the church with our hearts brimming over with devotional rapture, and our souls melting together in brotherly and sisterly love. And I brought away from the old church these two ideas,—and have carried them with me these thirty years, all after experience so confirming them that the Smithfield fires could not melt them out of me,—that the Divine influx comes with special power and fullness into congregational singing, and that singing-schools are a curse to human society.

E. H. S.

THE SCALES.

USE well thine early days!
In the scales of Fortune
The index seldom keeps still:
You must rise or sink;
You must rule and win,
Or you must give up and fail;
Suffering or triumph is thine,—
The anvil or the hammer!

GOETHE.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

MATT. xvi. 25:—"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it."

MANY of the sayings of our Lord seem purposely obscure. It was clearly no part of his plan that his followers should learn the Gospel by rote. Mingled with much that is simple and evident, are not a few things hard to be understood. It would appear that the Great Teacher was seeking to guard against the easy error of substituting words for things. He foresaw how natural it would be for men to persuade themselves that they knew the truth because they could recite it glibly. Hence he shrunk from all formal statements of doctrine, such as catechisms and creeds. He uttered his instructions in parables and enigmatical sayings. He was content that some should turn back perplexed, provided that others were made to pause and reflect.

The seeming paradox of our text illustrates this habit of the Son of man. The word life is here evidently used in a peculiar sense. The losing of life that is here spoken of cannot be the mere dissolution of the physical frame. A deeper and more comprehensive dying must be intended. The life, too, which we gain must be more than existence in a future state. We have only to glance at the frequent passages where the word life is used in similar connections, to be satisfied that here is no allusion to the popular idea of immortality. Throughout the New Testament there is traced a striking analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. As one was conceived by the Holy Ghost, so must the other be born of the Spirit; as one was made perfect through suffering, so is the other taught to view no chastening as grievous; as one was crucified, so is the other commanded to take up his cross; as Christ on the

third day rose from the dead, so his followers, rising from the death of selfishness and sin, are exhorted to walk with their Living Head in newness of life.

The frequency, the earnestness with which these expressions are reiterated, forbid that we should put them aside as mere rhetorical figures. They must involve some real and important sense. We cannot understand the mystery of Christ till we learn by experience something of this analogy. We must come to receive him in his fulness; he is more than example, more than instructor, more than substitute; he abideth in his followers, so that it is no longer we that live, but Christ that liveth in us.

Our text needs obviously to be interpreted by this analogy. As Christ counted not his own life dear unto him, but freely gave it up, so must his followers be willing to lose their lives. It is the inexorable condition of discipleship. To be his disciple is to have life, and to have it more abundantly; it was for this cause that God sent his only begotten into the world that men might live through him; but only so far as they die with him can they also live with him, even as a corn of wheat except it fall into the ground and die, abideth alone.

We are too apt to narrow the significance of life and death. Life is not mere existence; death is not the mere putting off of this mortal frame. Our Saviour, we are told, first brought life and immortality to light; that is, he first displayed their real nature. From him we learn that even while living we are often dead, and that this is life eternal, not simply that we may live forever in a future world, but that we may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!

We see, then, that eternal life is not to be conceived of as simply in the future. It is something that we now enjoy, differing from our mortal life, not in duration, but in quality. That eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested in the Son, abideth in the believer. "For this is the record," says the beloved disciple, "that God hath given to

us eternal life; and this life is in his Son, and he that hath the Son hath life." We need not then lie down in the grave to receive this incorruptible gift. The seeds of the new creation lie waiting in every regenerate soul.

What we mean by life, in its last analysis, is that ceaseless action and reaction of subtle forces which lurk in material existence, eluding the keenest scrutiny of science. Of life in its origin and essence we know absolutely nothing; whether it be a product of organization mysteriously generated from the travingling creation, or whether it be a superadded energy above the range of physical causation, we cannot say. We know it only in the conditions of its manifestation. So far as we are capable of recognizing life, it is made up of relations. The life of the plant consists, in the main, of relations to sun and air; the life of the animal, of relations to meat and drink; the life of the soul, of relations to man and God. The relations of the soul are its desires, affections, convictions, impressions. These are the subtle forces that fashion its interior growth. The lower gradations of life complete themselves, and culminate in a life that is not simply organic and sensitive, but conscious and rational.

The real life of a man is therefore measured by the mass of his relations to himself and to other beings. His positive vitality is the sum total of them all. He is more a man as he is brought more broadly into conscious contact with the whole universe of God. We may discriminate man's capacities into capacities of knowing, of loving, and of doing. The amplest and completest life would therefore be a life in which the intellect received its highest culture, the affections their fullest exercise, and the will its most perfect discipline.

According to this definition, eternal life means simply the soul's experience of its eternal relations. Its eternal relations are its relations to God. Eternal life involves, therefore, the knowing of the only true God; and, as a consequence of this knowledge, the loving him with all the heart, and, as a consequence of this love, the doing of his will. This is

the life that we find by losing the life of self. These relations that now exist, as they exist between the soul and the Father of spirits, cannot be shattered by the wreck of the physical frame.

All growth involves the losing and gaining of life. It is the divine law of development, comprehending every grade of being. As the seed must die in the ground before it can blossom into a flower, as the worm must die to mantle itself "with downy gold and colors dipped in heaven," so the soul must be unclothed of one existence before it can be clothed upon with another and a fairer. As it enters each new stage, it must lose life before it can find it.

And it is well for us to note, that the precepts of our Lord, which seem often most harsh and exceptional, are in perfect harmony with the laws of being. The kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace are not antagonistic in their working. We grow in holiness by a process perfectly analogous to that by which we grow in wisdom and strength. By the same straight and narrow gate we enter into all that is truly good. The conditions by which we inherit the reward laid up in heaven are the conditions of all genuine excellence. The child must lose its life to become a man. The life of innocence, of playfulness, of thoughtless joy, must give place to a life of temptation, of anxiety, of patient, earnest effort. The early days survive only as dim memories of a golden age. They linger as recollections of another state of being. So little do they blend with our more robust experience, that the poet's fancy has seen in them the intimations of a purer life, that was brought to a close at our birth into this present sphere.

And so on to the end. Long as the soul continues to grow, it grows by losing that which it has gained. Its life is nourished by a continual dying. As it advances in knowledge, it puts off its former ignorance; as it grows in affection, it forgets its prejudices; as it becomes more perfect in obedience, it denies its sinful habits. The law which constrains the seed

to burst its husk is not more imperative than the law which looses our silver cords and breaks our golden bowls.

This law, however, finds its most perfect illustration, not in those cases where a former life is put away by the inevitable flow of years, nor by the soul's natural growth, but where life is freely laid down for the sake of some greater good, where endeared associations are relinquished and cherished ties are broken ; or where outward advantages and ease are given up, and former relations willingly surrendered to some call of duty.

In every act of self-sacrifice and self-denial we thus lay down our lives. It needs not the putting off of the outward body. Many a mother watching at the sick-bed of a child, many a wife clinging to the fortunes of a ruined and outcast husband, has more truly laid down her life than a martyr at the stake. The laying down of life that is most complete, that makes most sure the finding of another, is the daily and patient laying down of what renders life most dear.

Moses laid down his life when he forsook a life of honor, of power, of earthly rank, to become the leader of fugitive slaves, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin. Howard laid down his life when he relinquished the comfort of his English home "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, — to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." And, if we may quote a more sublime example, the Son of Man laid down his life, not so much in the hour when he cried on the cross and when his pierced side poured forth water and blood, as in his giving up of the glory that he had with the Father and becoming despised and rejected of men ; in the daily contact of his self-denying love with pride, ingratitude, and unbelief.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles had perhaps this saying

of our Lord in mind, when he supplied the best comment on it in the words: "Know ye not that as many as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

We see, then, in what profound sense he that loseth his life shall find it; how broad and far-reaching is the law that all growth involves death and resurrection. Like Paul, we die daily if we are living members of Christ; we must be always emerging from the tomb of a past existence, and casting from us the grave-clothes of a sinful nature. By such ceaseless, ever-renewing process is it that this corruptible puts on incorruption, and this mortal puts on immortality. This is the life given us in Christ.

The life that was manifest in Christ was a life of self-renunciation. He laid down his life for the world. Though rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. But by losing his life he found it. "Wherefore," for this cause, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

The same Divine economy comprehends the followers of Jesus. They become the sons of God by the same self-renunciation. They must lose life in order to gain it, for it is a faithful saying, if we be dead with him we shall also live with him, if we suffer we shall also reign with him. In explicit terms he proclaimed the conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Every son of God must suffer many things.

For only through this sympathy of suffering and death can

we be made acquainted with the Lord of Life. Only so far as we have passed through, in our own experience, this antagonism of holiness and sin, can we comprehend the mystery of his being. Only by the discipline of the same trials that he endured can we become partakers of his nature. The ever-descending Spirit refuses to rest on those who have not been baptized with his baptism !

In words that seem almost harsh our Saviour forewarned his hearers of these things. "If thy right eye," he says, "offend thee, pluck it out ; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "And if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Men were cautioned to count the cost before they sat down to build that tower.

Do you say, "Is this the cup that we must drink of?" Well might the disciples ask, "Who then can be saved?" Is Christian life only self-denial ; must our present existence, with all its interwoven threads of joys, of sympathies, of hopes, of loves, be thrown away ; all its aims and interests be abandoned ; father and mother, wife and children be forgotten, when we set out to run this race ? To affirm this is to affirm that only half our text is true. But he that loseth his life shall find it. That life cannot be lost that is lost for the sake of the Son of Man. The joys that we surrender to follow him, will come back to us again in double measure, like the patriarch's flocks. That which is in part is done away, only that that which is perfect may come. New and more enduring relations, purer affections, closer ties, take the place of the old. Like the woman of Samaria, we are called away from earth's shallow fountains, to drink of that well of water that springeth up into everlasting life.

The fatal error of asceticism consists in recognizing only half this truth. The barefooted monk, the hermit fleeing from the world, the nun wasting in her cell, do not lay down

their lives for the sake of Christ. That alone is truly done for his sake which is done with the same mind that was in him. It was not his purpose to lessen, but to increase the sum of human happiness. Through his poverty many were made rich. Monasticism, then, with its whole apparatus of artificial and profitless suffering, is a base travesty of the Man of Sorrows. Self-sacrifice and self-denial are meritorious only as they tend to secure some greater good. It is no part of religion to narrow our humanity. The seed is not planted that it may rot in the ground. Christ came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly; that it might be richer in all pure delights, broader in all generous sympathies, more fruitful in all good works. We lay down our lives for his sake, only when we lay them down that we may find them in another and ampler being.

He that loseth his life shall find it. He shall lose a life of self-indulgence, of self-seeking, of disproportioned affections, of misdirected efforts, of disappointed hopes; he shall find a life of holiness, of charity, of regulated love, of effectual labor, of content and rest; he shall find it in more serene exercise of his spiritual nature, in nobler purposes of action, in new springs, that gush forth at every step, of joys that are unspeakable and full of glory!

The Christian life, when viewed in its completeness, is life in its largest and most gladsome aspect. It has promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. As we are clothed upon with this new existence, we are clothed upon with a Divine humanity. The life that was the light of men is perpetually made flesh through our mortal lives. The self-renunciation that our text enjoins is simply the portal through which we press on to the mark of the prize of this high calling.

Must a man, then, hate his father and mother, yea, and his own life also? So far as these stand in the way of his love to God, he must. So far as the creature supplants the Creator,

it must be given up ; so far as finite and temporal relations make us unmindful of those which are infinite and eternal, they must be set aside. Soon as they are exalted to this false eminence, they are worthless husks. If we wish to save them, we shall lose them ; if we are willing to lose them, we shall find them again. The natural affections will not be robbed of their sweetness when sanctified by the spirit of religion. We shall not in the end love father or mother less, because taught to love God supremely. We shall not love our children less, because taught to love our neighbor as ourself. On the contrary, every good instinct will be quickened afresh. There is a unity of being that causes all parts to rejoice together. The natural affections will be transfigured into Divine affinities ; we shall receive an hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life. And how sublime, in this aspect, seem the capabilities of human life. When we save it for ourselves, when we narrow it down to our own interests, when we make it subserve simply our own enjoyment, it is vanity of vanities, — like a tale that is told, — like a vapor that hasteth away ; but when we lose it for Christ's sake, when we freely give it up for others, it is identified with life eternal, enduring, and undisturbed as the everlasting years of God.

How true, then, it is that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, not in mere earthly enjoyments, not in relations that are limited to this present sphere. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle all these are passing away. In vain shall we seek to stay their flight. In the grave there shall be no remembrance of them. What is essential and enduring in us is independent of those outward accidents. The growing soul will no more regret them than the child regrets his swaddling bands.

Our text supplies a test by which we may feel assured that our lives are hid with Christ in God. It is a test independent of our changeful spiritual moods ; an assurance that does not rest on dreamy devotion, or on rare moments of ecstatic com-

munion. It fixes the proof of discipleship on a practical and unmistakable basis. It leaves us no more room to doubt that we have eternal life abiding in us, than to doubt the reality of our own existence. The life will be as manifest in the branches as it was manifest in the vine.

If, then, out of real love for Christ, we delight to share his work, — if we count it all joy that like him we are permitted to minister rather than to be ministered unto, — if in the order of our course we serve at the same altar, offering ourselves as living sacrifices, — if we make it the ruling purpose of our lives to do, not our own will, but the will of our Father which is in heaven, — and if in ceaseless struggle with our easily besetting sins, in ever-increasing abhorrence of whatever is unholy and impure, we are conscious of a growing sympathy with Him who was tempted in all respects as we are, that he might be made wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption for us, then may we humbly trust that we have received that spirit of adoption by which we are made partakers with him of his everlasting sonship.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DIVINE AND HUMAN.

ALL progress is the result of knowledge, — of knowledge applied and wrought out in practice. To effect this, that which is used as the means of progress must be knowledge indeed, — not vague, general, or inaccurate, for then no progress will be made ; but it must be knowledge that is definite, particular, accurate.

Hence the importance of clear and definite ideas, — of ideas founded upon realities and facts. This is the grand requisite in every department of human thought, and in every domain of inquiry. The history of all science is simply the history of the accession of new facts, serving as

the foundations of new and definite thought. As the increase of definite thought goes on, progress in the sciences is made; and when that increase stops, progress is at a rest.

The advancement of astronomy has consisted in a vast accumulation of accurate and definite knowledge concerning the heavenly bodies; an increase in the number of actual facts brought before the mind, serving to give fixity and rest to the thought, and prevent its wandering vaguely and objectless through the spaces. In this way have the fallacies and fancies of the older theories been gradually rolled away, as masses of mist and cloud are dispelled before the rising glories of the morning light.

The ideas which men had of the structure of our globe, of the causes of various appearances scattered over its surface, of the action of forces in operation upon it, of the nature of its crust, and the contents of its interior, were exceedingly vague, inaccurate, and conflicting, until Geology came, and, by an acquisition, arrangement, and study of the facts, gradually brought light out of the darkness, and order out of the confusion. The progress in this case was exactly coincident with the acquirement of accurate knowledge as the foundation of definite thought.

So, too, in the department of human history. As we look away back, up the stream of time, across the long vista of preceding generations, into the realms of the remoter past, all is vague, dark, misty, and fabulous, until History, as a science, comes, and with her dates and chronologies, her kings and empires and epochs,—giving the thought some actual points of fixity to rest upon,—plants her row of shining lamps along through the darkness, shedding a chain of light over that shadowy realm, and marking in clearness the pathway of the travelling ages. Progress, in this case, too, was made just in the proportion that definite thought took the place of vague thought, and the foot of accuracy chased away the vapors of uncertainty.

As it is in the domain of natural things, so it is in the world of spiritual things: clear and well-defined views are necessary in order to make progress in them. Definite thought, founded on accurate knowledge, is the measure of intellectual progress in heavenly and divine things, while the application of that thought to practice constitutes wisdom, and is the exact measure of a man's real and living progress in those things.

It is a thought and belief with some that the loftier themes of theology, and the higher realities of the spiritual life, should not be made the subjects of fixed doctrines, and of a definite and uniform teaching grounded thereon; but that they should be left alone in their exalted region, and each mind be left free to follow its own conceptions of such things, to be guided by its own light, to take its own views, and form its own ideas.

In the light of the analogies already drawn, however, we can see the fallacy and unsoundness of this view. No realm of thought is ever really surveyed by indulging in excursions of the imagination into it, nor is any truth ever acquired or kept by exercising the mind upon vague and shadowy objects. The thought requires a point of fixity to rest upon, in order that anything may be learned, as the eye requires an object to look upon, instead of the vacancy of open space, in order that anything may be seen.

The reason why the more exalted subjects of a spiritual and heavenly nature are not better understood, and are supposed by many to lie beyond the reach of human thought, is because of the want of accurate doctrine in relation to them, and the absence of clear and definite teaching founded thereon. But the subjects themselves — many of them — are not hard to be understood. And when the Lord, by an opening of the meaning of his Word, communicates them to men, they may be learned as easily as the truths of any other science, and intellectual progress in them be as rapidly made.

The likeness of man to God is the truth most frequently set forth in the Scriptures; we are called his children, and he is called our Father. The Lord is spoken of as possessing and exercising the various faculties, powers, and attributes which belong to man; and it is said that he made man in his own image and likeness, — in the image of God created he them.

From all these representations we learn the great truth of who and what God is. We learn that he is a Divine man; or rather, that he is the one Divine Man of the universe, — and that we are men simply because we are images and likenesses of him. All our finite attributes correspond to his infinite attributes, and thus, as we are finite men, so he is an infinite man.

This is the first great truth which the Scriptures everywhere desire and design to teach us. But if this truth alone were given us, we should form incorrect ideas about it; we should be liable to think of the Lord as only a larger and more powerful man like ourselves. The fallacies of the senses would come in to shape our thought, and we should think of the Lord as possessed of greater size, greater will, greater wisdom, and greater power than men, — but yet of all of them as being essentially human will, human wisdom, and human power. We should think of him as possessed of the same quality of faculties as we ourselves possess, only increased to an indefinite or illimitable degree.

As this would be an incorrect idea of the Lord, and of what is Divine, therefore the Scriptures give us this other truth also, setting forth the essential difference between man and his Maker, — thus between what is Divine and what is merely human.

As we have said, this is not a difference of mere degree, or extent, — as of more or less, of greater or smaller, — but a difference in real essence, a difference of quality and kind.

Let us illustrate this difference by one or two familiar examples. There are two common sources of light and heat to

men. The first is the sun, which sheds down his rays from above, continually diffusing their beams, like a gentle shower, over the whole surface of Nature, stimulating her processes, animating her operations, and everywhere filling her with life and clothing her with verdure. The other source is the lights and fires of man's own kindling on the surface of the earth. They are different in their origin, different in their nature, and different in their effects. We may increase their size and enlarge their flame, but do not alter their nature, nor change the results they are capable of performing. They are mere chemical combustions, and the glare of their flame can never operate upon the leaf of tree or flower like the ray of solar light. There is no vivifying force in them. We may multiply them indefinitely, and spread them out over the whole continent; nay, may even wrap the whole globe itself in flames, and as their sheeted volumes should ascend into air, licking at the clouds, we should have only scorching and consuming conflagration, without one single ray of solar light or heat. With all our labor, we should have made no advance towards creating a single pencil of the sun's beams, or of making anything that would produce similar results.

Thus we see, from this analogy, that there is no tendency, by merely increasing what is human, to become what is Divine, or to render it any more of like quality as the Divine.

As it is with the two kinds of light and heat, so it is with the bodies from which they proceed. There are two kinds of function that are performed in the system of the heavens. The one is performed by the sun, the other by the planets or earths. The sun is in the centre of the system; he stands in the midst, and rules the planets in their motions. He is the lamp of the system; he shines by his own light, and he is the dispenser of light and heat to all the earths in his system.

The planets, on their parts, revolve around him; they are dependent on him for their motion; they have no light of their own, but in their own nature are dark and opaque; they are made to be inhabited, — to be the homes of men, —

to receive the rays of the sun and reflect them, — to shine, not in themselves, but by the light which is borrowed from him, and which is borrowed by them and bestowed by him every moment of time ; to receive that light and heat into their bosom, to appropriate it, treasure it up, use it to clothe themselves with life and verdure, and manifest it by shedding forth a reflection of it to other planetary worlds around them, as the moon and the planets do to us.

Thus we perceive a difference of specific and essential quality between the sun and the earth. No increase of size in the bulk of the earth would convert it into a sun, nor have the least tendency to do so. No enlargement of the moon's surface would ever cause her to shine by her own light.

And so it is with the difference between the Lord and men, — between what is Divine and what is human. As the sun of the natural heavens is in respect to the earth, so is his life above our life, and his quality above our quality.

He is the spiritual centre of the universe. It all depends upon him. He is the only possessor of life, — the only one who shines by his own light. He is its uncreated source and fountain ; out of him it flows. All other beings whatsoever are only recipients of this life ; none of them have life in themselves ; they all are created forms and organs fitted to receive, to appropriate, to use, and to manifest or reflect forth that life to others. This is the case with angels, spirits, and men. They never shine by their own light. Life is not created and put into them ; they never possess it as an inherent substance of their own being ; but it is forever continually communicated to them by an influx from the Lord himself, as light and heat are communicated every moment to the planets by the beams flowing forth from the natural sun.

This perpetual stream of life from the Lord flows down and enters into men, being breathed into the interiors of their souls, as air is breathed every moment into the lungs. And as the body requires the latter, so does the spirit require

the former. As if the air were withheld from us, and we should cease to respire, our natural life would soon come to an end, so, if this influx of life from the Lord should be withheld, and we cease to receive it for only a single moment, all our mental action would cease; we could neither feel nor think, and should fall down in a swoon.

It is here that we seize the very essential difference between the quality of what is Divine and the quality of what is human. The one possesses life in itself, — uncreated, self-existent, self-productive, forever giving it forth. The other is only a form or vessel capable of receiving an influx of that life, and of being filled with it.

How simple this truth, and how easy to be understood ! And yet from how much vague thought and how many fallacies will it save us ?

It will preserve us from the error of thinking that we possess life in and of ourselves, giving us a rational idea, and a firm conviction of our momentary and complete dependence on God. It will afford us a rule for the accurate and discriminating use of language in regard to this subject, showing us, at the same time, that, however good a man may become, he can make no progress whatever towards being Divine. No increase of manhood will ever change that essential quality of his nature by which he is only an organ recipient of life. He may go on improving forever ; he may enlarge his powers and exalt every faculty of his soul ; he may become more and more spiritual, more and more heavenly, more and more angelic, — may continue to increase in holiness and in purity to eternity ; and all this time will only have been growing more and more truly human, but not one whit more Divine than when he first began. He will not have incorporated into his own substance a single particle of the essence of life, not have implanted in himself a single spark of truly Divine fire, nor have taken one step towards rendering himself an original source of spiritual light and heat to others. There is an oppositeness and diversity of

essential quality between the two, which separates, by an impassable chasm, the least thing of Divine substance from the largest or purest thing of human substance. The holiest archangel in the highest of all the heavens is no nearer changing his human into a Divine nature than the meanest or lowest mortal on earth ; nor has he taken a single step towards doing so.

We are too apt to form our ideas of the Lord, and of what is Divine, from what is large and high and lofty in a material sense : thus from size, or dimension, or bulk. The limitations of space and time come in to determine our thought. But when we come to think of the Divine from essential quality, the ideas of space vanish. Feelings of love do not occupy space ; and Infinite Love does so no more than human love. Ideas of thought do not occupy space ; and Divine Wisdom does so no more than human wisdom : size or dimension is not predicable of them. The Lord, in his Divinity, dwells above the entire region of space and time ; his substance transcends all their limitations ; they are not predicable of him, and they have no effect upon him. He is in all space without space, and in all time without time.

As it is quality of essential nature, and not size, which differences the Lord from man, therefore whenever he appears, he appears no larger than another man. When he veils his Supreme Divinity, and, descending into the region of man's ideas, — into the region of space and time, — there clothing himself with a form, which he uses as a medium to manifest himself, he takes a form not larger than that of other men. When he descended and came to Abraham, he did so in such a form. When he was seen by Moses, and talked with him face to face as a man talketh with his friend, he was seen by Moses altogether as another man. In a similar form did he appear to Joshua, Elijah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, as to all the seers and prophets of the Old Testament. And when he veiled his Divinity still further, and came into the

world, he here appeared in the common mien of men. He then changed the quality of the outward form he here assumed, and made it to consist of his own Divine substance; thus causing the same quality to dwell in that which dwelt in himself. According to the Scripture, "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." That is, he made the humanity, which he assumed, essentially Divine. And being now Divine, that humanity, unlike the humanity of other men and angels, is now the source of light and life to men, because the Lord, our Heavenly Father, dwells in it as a soul in its body. Being made of like substance with himself, he took it with him when he went up again where he was before, when he ascended above all the heavens, above all the regions of space and time. And the Divine sphere of light and glory by which that humanity is surrounded is the sun of the spiritual universe.

We frequently call that Divine which is only derived or proceeds from the Divine. Thus, the Word of the Lord, or Divine truth; the Holy Spirit, or Comforter; that operative influence proceeding from the Lord to the mind and conscience of the believer; that flood of light shed forth by him, in which all men are enabled intellectually to see and to think; and that all-pervading atmosphere of life, which every one spiritually breathes,—all these are called Divine. And it is proper that they should be called so, because they all proceed directly from the Lord; they receive all their quality from him, and as they come from him are entirely unqualified and unmodified by man. But yet we must always preserve in our minds the clear distinction between what is essentially Divine—by belonging to the Lord's own being, and forming a part of himself—and that which is Divine only by being derived from him. Otherwise we shall frequently fall into confusion of thought when we use the term "divine," and be liable to make mistakes in spiritual things corresponding to those which we should make in

natural things, if we were to confound the breath proceeding from a man's mouth with the man himself, or the rays of sunshine with the body of the sun itself, or the gentle rain with the cloud out of which it descended. The Divine Being is not an ocean of life or spirit, diffused through space; but that ocean of spirit everywhere diffused, flows forth and is derived from the Divine Being.

Those things which proceed from, or are given forth by, the Divine are attempered, modified, and adapted, and intended for man's use. It is by receiving them without perverting them that he can become holy. As he allows them to purify and qualify his life as they are intended to qualify it, he becomes, not Divine, but truly human, and at length angelic. These intermediate Divine things, which proceed from the Lord, and which flow down from him to man, are symbolized by a number of corresponding things of the material heavens. Thus as we read: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud,—that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater,—so shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth."

On every side we turn ourselves we shall continue to see the perfect distinctness of quality there is between whatever proceeds from the Lord and whatever has a human origin,—between every work of God and every work of man.

First, as to God's works;—look at the peculiar character impressed upon them all. To take an illustration from the vegetable kingdom. If we direct our attention to so small an object as a single grass-seed, we shall find it to be a wonderful thing. It is fitted to perform a certain use, and endowed with a remarkable capacity to do it. It is insignificant in appearance,—very light and frail,—and yet there resides in it a power which if we should see it operate for the first time we should declare miraculous. Deposit it in the ground,

giving the right conditions of air and light, and heat and rain, and it will open itself, unfolding from within a blade or spire ; and when this is fully grown, other seeds will make their appearance. Plant these again, and you will have several blades or spires, and they in turn will cover themselves with a corresponding number of seeds. The increase will continue as long as the process is repeated. The seeds will multiply and the grass will spread out. Give it free way, removing all obstructions, and it will cover a township. Nay, it will do more. Allow it sufficient time, and it will weave a carpet over the whole continent. And then, give but transportation to a few of its seeds thither, it will in the same way clothe another, and another, — with all the islands of the sea, until the whole globe is covered. Transport the seed to another planet, and it will repeat its work there ; and so it will go on, from earth to earth, through the universe, never exhausting its energies and never stopping its work.

And all this immense result from an organized atom not half so large as the head of a pin ! with operative machinery so minute as not to be discernible to the naked eye. That seed has a principle in it which comes forth from the Divine ; and in its prolific principle, by which it could, unfolding from within, clothe itself with such a succession of material forms, it images and represents that self-productive and self-unfolding quality which belongs to all Divine substance. Does not this still further confirm the thought, already suggested, that the principle of Divinity resides in essential quality, and has nothing whatever to do with size or dimension, with any idea of time or space ?

As it is in the vegetable kingdom, so it is in the animal kingdom, — a single pair of fish are so capable of reproducing their kind, that, with opposing influences removed, they could in no great length of time fill all the oceans of the world. And if of one world, why, then, of all worlds in the natural universe. A single pair of beasts could cover all the land with their progeny. And a single pair of birds could people all the air of the visible universe with flying fowl.

Now contrast all these with man's works. He cannot create anything that can receive life,—nothing which can reproduce its kind,—nothing that possesses a prolific principle. He may fashion substance, and change its outward forms; but he cannot create any substance, nor give organization to its interior structure. He may build a ship or a steamer, and increase them in size until he launches a leviathan. But all the skill and labor expended on the united navies of the world would not succeed to make the smallest fish that sports itself in the waters of the deep, nor bring into being anything to compare with the little nautilus, which, guided by its instinct, rises at will to the top of the ocean, adjusts its shelly boat to the surface of the water, and spreads its tiny sail to the breeze. Man may rear a dome of St. Peter's, or build a pantheon, or pile a pyramid; but he cannot make a single seed of any plant, nor create a grain of sand. He cannot breathe the breath of life into one of the meanest insects that creeps upon the earth, nor even copy nor imitate the fabric of its shell!

It will be useful to us to divest our minds as much as possible of fallacies derived from the senses and from ideas of space when thinking of the Lord and his Divinity, and think of his Divinity as residing thus in essence and in quality; for we can see that from the very smallest spark of truly Divine fire a universe might be created. Divine substance possesses the self-productive faculty of unfolding from within itself other substances and other forms. The smallest amount of it, or what to the natural senses would appear as the smallest amount, would suffice to renew the entire universe, if that were destroyed.

We can see from this how Supreme Divinity could dwell in the person of the Lord Jesus, as he appeared on earth; how he could say that he that had seen him had seen the Father; how the Apostle could say that in him all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily; and how he himself could say, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

In him dwells the truly Divine fire: his substance is essential Divine substance; and even his human form is the fountain of spiritual life.

What a lesson of humility ought this truth to teach us! We are nothing in ourselves, and have nothing except as we receive it from him. It is the flame of his love that feeds all our affections, and the lamp of his wisdom that sheds all the light of our intelligence. How ought every feeling of merit, or self-complacency on account of anything that we are or anything that we do, to vanish from our minds when we reflect that every good impulse and every right purpose we have is inspired into us from the Lord Jesus! And how ought every sentiment of pride, on account of our own intelligence, to vanish and disappear when we know that every true thought we think is the communication of his wisdom!

Our dependence on his mercy and goodness is complete, and continued every moment. It was his Divine and infinitely compassionate work on earth to prepare and adapt this inflowing life to our capacities of reception, that so he might conjoin us to himself and redeem us from sin, and error, and evil.

It is ours to receive and use this life from him as he intends that it should be used. It is ours to apply and manifest it in learning truth and in doing good. It is ours to impart the effects of this life to others, in the practice of wisdom, without turning its light into darkness in ourselves, and without perverting its good to evil. Looking to the Lord in humbleness of spirit, and departing continually from the wrong things which his precepts forbid. Thus can he elevate us to himself; thus may we become, all the time, more and more orderly recipients and organs of the Divine love and wisdom; and better and better images and likenesses of our Father who is in the heavens.

W. B. H.

EXPOSITION OF THE GOLDEN PROEM IN THE MONTHLY JOURNAL.

THE November and December numbers of the Monthly Journal, the organ of the American Unitarian Association, contain an explanation of John i. 1-14, which we have read with a good deal of interest. However understood, those fourteen verses must be regarded, for depth and sublimity, as one of the most important passages in Scripture, and our idea of the passage must give the key-note to all our readings of the Christian revelation. The exposition, which we presume to be from the pen of the able and earnest Secretary of the Association, makes "the Word" to mean the Divine Speech, or God revealing himself. There are three of these Divine Words or Revelations,—the Word in Nature, the Word in the soul of man, and the Word in Jesus Christ.* The Word in Nature utters power, wisdom, law, goodness. The Word in the soul utters personality, unity, creation, freedom, holiness. Still something is wanting. God is not yet completely revealed. How the revelation is made complete in Christ is set forth by the following exceedingly pertinent illustration:—

"There was once a great king, who determined to erect a city. He sent architects and workmen and materials; he laid out streets and squares; dug reservoirs, and brought in water in aqueducts; made roads and canals leading from it to the surrounding country; and, when all was ready, sent a colony to inhabit it. These inhabitants went to and fro through the streets, examined the city, and said to one another, 'What a powerful government it must be that was able to build this city!' And, as they looked further and examined it more, they said, 'What wisdom, what foresight, did this power display in this city! How wisely was the site chosen! What order and method in all the arrangements! What knowledge in the choice of materials, in building, and in the general plan!' And then, look-

* Is this exhaustive unless we add the Word Written?

ing still further, they say, 'What goodness to us! How are our wants foreseen, and all provided for! We have high walls to defend us from without; markets, aqueducts, bazaars, gas, paved and lighted streets, within. Everything is arranged for our comfort. The government which built this city — whether it be a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy — has evidently *power, wisdom, and goodness.*'

"The inhabitants of the city have thus heard in the city itself One Word about the maker of the city. The city itself speaks of its founder's power, wisdom, and goodness; but you observe that they are not yet able to tell whether the founder of the city is one or many, nor what his ideas are about right or wrong.

"But now let us suppose that the founder of the city sends a viceroy to live in it, who establishes himself in a central palace; announcing the name of the king for whom he governs; publishing the code of laws, with penalties attached; rewarding the obedient, and punishing the disobedient. He does all this in the name of his absent master. Now the people know more about the master: they know that he is one; they also know what his ideas are concerning right and wrong. They have thus heard a Second Word from him, which brings him nearer to them than the first did.

"But let us suppose that these citizens become disorderly. They disobey the laws established for their government. They rebel against the viceroy and his authority. They plunge into vices, and commit crimes. They grow idle, intemperate, reckless. So come pauperism, disease, and crime. A famine arises, and many starve to death. A pestilence follows, and they die in the streets. Bands of robbers prowl the streets day and night for plunder and murder. In this state of things, the king who built the city comes to live in it. He becomes personally acquainted with the citizens. He shows them the misery of their course; explains to them the importance of his laws, and the need of obeying them. He establishes hospitals for the sick. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the prisoners. The people all become personally acquainted with him, and learn to love him because he had loved them.

"And now it is evident that they have had a new Word spoken to them concerning their king. The Word is made flesh, and dwells among them; and they have come into personal communion with him.

"This story illustrates the three steps of progress in our knowledge of God. That which the citizens learned about their king from the city itself corresponds with what we learn about God from nature,—the city which he has built for us; that which they learned by the government of the viceroy corresponds with what we learn of God by means of his viceroy,—conscience in the soul itself; and what they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ 'reconciling the world unto himself,' and 'formed within us, the hope of glory.'

"It is in this sense that we may regard Jesus as a new divine Word; different from the Word in nature, also different from the Word in the soul. And this is the divinity of Christ,—that as God's power, wisdom, and goodness dwell constantly in nature, that as God's holiness and freedom constantly manifest themselves anew in the soul's freedom and conscience, that so God's love to individuals is constantly manifested in the life of Jesus."

All of which seems to us to be admirably put, and to suggest as much of Christian truth and doctrine as could well be crowded into the same space.

When the writer, however, comes, in the next place, to answer the question, "*How* was God in Christ?" the discussion of which has so baffled the wit of man for eighteen hundred years, we cannot make the answer at all consistent with the grand truth which is here illustrated. First, the orthodox doctrine of two natures in Christ is stated and rejected. Then the doctrine known in Church history as that of the Monophysites is stated and rejected,—that Christ had only one nature,—the Divine,—and that there was nothing human about him except his body. "A human body without a human soul."* Lastly, the writer gives his own explanation as follows:—

* This notion the writer strangely calls Swedenborg's. It was the heresy of Eutyches, a monk of Constantinople in the fifth century. It had slept fourteen hundred years, and was unwittingly exhumed one day in one of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's random performances, for which his orthodox brethren sharply rebuked him, and the Independent called him to order. Swedenborg we understand to assert two natures in Christ with special emphasis.

"The third explanation declares that Christ was divine, and was a Word of God, because he was a human medium through whom God revealed his divine love. His human will was in perfect harmony with the will of God, and so his life became a revelation of his Father's will. So when Jesus says, 'I and my Father are one,' he does not intend *one person* (as the Orthodox say), nor one nature (as the Swedenborgians imply), but one by becoming united in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will."

Are we not to believe that every good man, woman, and child is respectively "a human medium through whom God reveals his divine love"? Are we not to believe that every man, as he advances in the regeneration, is brought into more perfect harmony with the Divine Mind? and may there not be myriads in the heavens, and possibly some here on the earth, who have become united to God "in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will"? How, then, by this explanation, does God in Christ dwell among his people and become "personally acquainted with them," except as he dwells among them in the good men of all the centuries, whose wills have been so harmonized to the Lord's, and whose hearts have been so filled with the Divine Love, that it breathes through them and so acts upon the world? And why does not the Word in Christ, then, all resolve itself into the statement made under the second division, or the Word in the soul of man? And why is not something still wanting, then, and God incompletely revealed?

Very likely, however, the writer did not mean to do anything more than give a hint or suggestion on a theme that reaches so deep and high; but we wish he might have suggested more, after having written so admirably, and at least have kept our minds up to the lofty level of his first thought.

This question *how* was God in Christ was discussed during the first five centuries, especially in the Greek Church, and with the subtile power of the Greek language, so that it would hardly be possible to make a collocation of English words that should bring out a new idea. But we cannot think of

any doctrine worth reproducing now which would not resolve itself into one of the four following:—

There is the *Humanitarian*, which only acknowledges the simple, finite humanity of Christ, and makes his nature like that of all other men. He was a prophet, like Moses, though more fully and perennially inspired. That this satisfies the language of John's Gospel or the alleged facts of the first Christian history will hardly be contended now.* Notwithstanding its ingenious dealing with particular texts and its excision of Matthew's first two chapters, there is one broad fact in the Christian history which, so far as we know, it has always ignored,—we mean THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR AS THE NEW INHERITANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN ALL AGES. “I will send you the Comforter,” was the promise. “He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear,” was the fulfilment. Christ the glorified Head of the Church, and filling it with his personal presence, is the thought that glows through Paul's writings; and that he does not mean this as a figure of speech is evident from the fact that this was the power that laid hold of him at his conversion, and changed him from a proud Pharisee to a humble Christian.

There is the *Arian* doctrine, which seems to us essentially idolatrous, and which was nothing more than an offshoot from Gnosticism. It makes a creature the creator of this glorious universe. It exalts Christ in words, but it interposes a finite being between man and his God, and pays him honors due to God alone. We cannot see its ground in philosophy nor its value in theology, nor do we see how it meets the demands of a fair exegesis any better than the one just

* They are not so read by those whose position is outside of Christianity, and who have no polemic interest in the question. The last Westminster Review says, in a notice of Dr. Lamson's late work: “In tracing very justly the doctrine of the Logos to a Philonian source, he has omitted to remark that the views given in the fourth Gospel are from the same source (?) that the Logos is there already hypostatized.”

named, except on the bare, unimportant question of personal pre-existence. Of what practical use is the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence, regarded only as a creature, and aside from the question of his impersonation of the Godhead, whereby human nature is put in living communion with the Divine? And if a creature made the world, nature is dishonored and leads us not up to God, but stops us short at some Demiurgus, and the gulf between us and the Supreme is as deep and dreadful as ever.

There is the *Tripersonal* theory, — Christ in his Divine nature was the third person of a Trinity. As the ingenuity and skill of fourteen centuries have never been able to defend this from the charge of Tritheism, or show it in any other light than as a palpable substitution of three Gods for one, we may presume they never will. As it has allied itself with the most uncharitable spirit, and always flourished best in the darkest and bloodiest times, we must believe its influence on the interests of piety to be most disastrous. Mr. Milman has some chapters in his great work ("History of Latin Christianity") which will cure a man, if anything can, of the superstition of believing a thing because the Church has believed it, and which turn the historical argument, the "*quod ubique quod ab omnibus*," with unmeasured force against the corrupters of Christian doctrine. That this theory is fast losing all practical influence over intelligent minds "*inquirers in theology*," in more directions than one, render abundantly evident.

Lastly, there is the *doctrine of the Logos*, which the writer in the Monthly Journal is well aware was the genuine and dominant Church doctrine before the Nicene Council, and before the Church lapsed into Tritheism, that is in its best and most peaceful days. It sets forth the truth of God in Christ, not by inspiration merely, but by essential indwelling. It asserts the union of the Divine nature in Christ with our own human nature. In some of the *hypostatizing* speculations of the Fathers — Tertullian's, for example — it infringes

on the Divine Unity ; but what need is there of so conceiving it ? It is the primitive Church doctrine of the "hypostatic union," clear of the speculations of men. It can hardly be denied that John asserts it in the plain, literal language of his proem.

"But this makes out that there were two natures in Christ." Of course it does. And how else can the Word become flesh in any sense that may not be explained away, and discharged of its meaning, and turned into a flourish of rhetoric ? We want bread to eat, not rhetoric. But we cannot see the doctrine of a twofold nature in Christ open to any such objections as the writer in the *Monthly Journal* urges. "The same person would at the same time and in the same sense possess infinite wisdom, and not possess it." Not so. The Logos doctrine asserts, as we conceive of it, that Christ was born with our human nature, grew with our passions, wants, temptations, and finite intelligence ; but that this human nature in his case had a specific relation to the Divine, so that "the Word" came finally into his self-consciousness when the finite and imperfect disappeared before it, and in place thereof came forth the unclouded wisdom of the Godhead, and through it the unclouded beamings of the Eternal Love. And then he could say, "All power is given me in heaven and upon the earth." "All things that the Father hath are mine ; therefore he (the Spirit) shall take of mine and show it unto you."

This transcendent view of the Divine Incarnation will suggest a great many questions which no finite being can answer, and so will any view, from the Humanitarian upward. In our profound ignorance of our own, much more the Divine psychology, of what the soul is as distinct from body, or spirit as distinct from either, and of how many natures are folded away within us, we cannot dogmatize on such a question as this, but look up rather in lowly waiting. But difficulties are one thing, self-contradictions are another thing. Let us turn, however, to the practical bearings of the ques-

tion on Christian faith and piety,—this doctrine of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. We hope in what we have said we are strictly within the comities of Christian fellowship, and that the writer in the Monthly Journal will receive it as we mean it,—a neighborly comparison of views, that all of us together may approximate as near as possible to the living truth as it is in Jesus. In what we are now to say we feel confident of his sympathy touching the practical value of the doctrine of God revealed in Christ.

This Logos doctrine, received, not as a figure of speech, but a veritable unveiling to us of the glory and loveliness of the Godhead, has three bearings of vast importance:—

First, it becomes forever impossible, so long as we hold this, that we should lose right views of the Divine character. Whence the superstitions that have polluted the worship of the Church and made its tender mercies cruel? From separating between Christ and God, making Christ propitious, and the Father vengeful. When we can point to Christ, not merely as one who came to talk about God, but one in whom dwells ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY, we can never mistake the Divine character. It is all there. Nature might misguide us, for we are crushed under her laws. Our intuitions might misguide us, for our hearts are foul. The Church may misguide us by her false traditions. Looking to Christ we are sure, for we know all that the Father hath is his, and that there the Divine countenance is turned full upon us like a sun.

Once more; when we hold securely the Logos doctrine, communion with God in Christ means something, and all that is said in the extract we quoted from the Journal on this head has a delightful significance to the Christian heart. "What they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ 'reconciling the world unto himself,' and 'formed within us the hope of Glory.'" The Word in the glorified Christ is still with his Church,—He who walks in the

midst of the seven golden candlesticks and keeps their lights burning bright. God, not by a viceroy and messenger, but in his own benign aspect and person, has appeared, not to angels only, but to mortal beings, and our Christmas celebrations did not commemorate the birth of a prophet, but a Divine Advent that lights up our dreary annals from on high.

Still once more ; if this doctrine of the Logos be true, our poor weak nature is encouraged and lifted up, and we are bound to our race with a new tie. Is there one so low or so outcast, that in our pride we turn away and scorn him ? *His* is the nature which Christ assumed and in which the Word was made flesh, and of him the Master will say in the judgment, "Because ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." This humanity must be dear to the Lord, who "wrapped the garment of our infancy about him." Or, as Dr. Channing puts it, in that appeal for the slave which was the last that fell from his lips, — "Christianity is a revelation of the infinite, universal, parental love of God towards his human family, comprehending the most sinful, descending to the most fallen, and its aim is to breathe the same love into its disciples. The doctrine of 'the Word made flesh' shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfections."*

What else do we need as a Christian people and denomination so much as being placed in living relations with the Christ that shall give us the same sense of the Divine power and presence, the same procession of the Holy Spirit, that his own true Church have ever enjoyed ? No people can be "excluded" from the great Church of the Lord, except by their own action. That Church is not gathered around a human messenger and teacher, but around Him in whom God passes over into our wasting humanity to enrich and glorify it, or, as the writer already quoted has said so worthily, to

* Address at Lenox, Works, Vol. VI. p. 408.

make it "come into personal communion with him." Far less do we need an "example," as a pattern of perfection which we might strive after with vain self-manipulations, than a quickening hand laid on our palsied nature and a quickening power that says, "Arise and walk!" — far less a Saviour who tells us about God, than one who fulfils to us the promise, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

S.

ISAIAH LXIII. 1-6.

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this from Edom's land,
Travelling in his mighty strength?

SECOND VOICE.

Leader of the ransomed band,
Homeward I return at length!

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this in glorious dress,
Round whose chariot banners wave?

SECOND VOICE.

I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty still to hear and save!

CHORUS.

Shout Messiah's praise, and sing
All the glories of our King!

FIRST VOICE.

Why these garments dyed in blood?
O victorious leader, why?

SECOND VOICE.

Singly 'gainst the foe I stood,
Of the people none were nigh!

FIRST VOICE.

Deep thy garments' crimson stains,
As the wine-press thou hadst trod!

SECOND VOICE.

Of the foe not one remains,
Crushed they lie beneath my rod!

CHORUS.

Willing subjects of his reign!
Shout Messiah's praise again!

FIRST VOICE.

Dawns at length the glorious day!
Vanquished are our mighty foes!

SECOND VOICE.

Naught my conquering arm might stay!
Naught my vengeance might oppose!

FIRST VOICE.

This illustrious day we hail!
All thy saints are gathered home!

SECOND VOICE.

Of my promise naught shall fail!
Year of my redeemed has come.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Shout and sing!
Glory to our Saviour King.

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW YEAR.

THE FUTURE VEILED AND UNVEILED.

WHAT a year may bring forth we cannot tell. It is impossible to know all the causes which shall be followed by their proper effects. We cannot tell which grains "will grow, and which will not." For wise reasons, the immediate Future is hidden from us. Even the sons of God and the prophets deal less than many have been wont to suppose in the names of cities and the numbers of the years. "Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world;" but it pleaseth him for the most part to hide this knowledge from his children; it is not for them "to know the times and the seasons." So we commonly speak of the Future as veiled, and we have frequent occasion to say, "How merciful that it is so!"

And yet the Future is unveiled too; — though the day, the month, the year, are hidden from our eager eyes, the world to come on earth and in heaven, the City of God here and hereafter, is not hidden. It is a Life of Promise. It is God's world, and its course has been appointed from all eternity. All things are working together for the good of the loving. The gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church. There is no peradventure. There can be no disappointment. We can do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth. If old things are passing away, it is only because new and better things are pressing into their places. If the moon is fading, it is because the dawn is breaking. I cannot tell you what will happen to-morrow; but I can tell you what shall happen in the last days, what shall be the end of all these struggles, — of all these fears and hopes and sorrows and joys. I know what preparation God has made for man, and what for the Devil and his angels; and so as the New Time begins I can meet all questionings and anxieties with the word HOPE. God reigns! Be still and trust in him! Take hold of that strong hand and move bravely through the darkness towards that fair City which he hath set upon a hill, and which can be hid only from those who are wilfully blind.

"Yes! sound again the horn of Hope, the golden horn!
 Answer it, flutes and pipes, from valleys still and lorn;
 Warders from your high towers, with trumps of silver scorn,
 And harps in maiden's bowers, with strings from deep hearts torn,
 All answer to the horn of Hope, the golden horn!"

E.

"NO GOD IN ST. GILES'S."

WAS HE RIGHT?

"THE history of Marian B. was a singular one. She earned a scanty livelihood in cutting fire-papers, or moulding wax flowers, or making bags for silversmiths in London; and her lot had been cast, for three and thirty years, in some one or other of the purlieus of the Seven Dials. A drunken father, who broke her mother's heart, had brought her, as a young girl of fifteen, gradually down, down from the privileges of a respectable birth, to dwell in a low lodging-house of St. Giles's. He died shortly afterwards, and left her and a sister, of five years of age, orphans in the midst of pollution, which they, as by miracle, escaped, often sitting on the stairs or door-steps all night to avoid what was to be seen within. An old man, who was her fellow-lodger, kind-hearted, though an Atheist, had taught her to write a little, and he bade her never read the Bible, — 'it was full of lies; she had only to look round her in St. Giles's, and she might see that there was no God.' That poor child is now one of the most successful of the 'London Bible Women.'"

Was the old man right? Is there not a God in St. Giles's also?
 See "*The Missing Link*."

E.

KILKENNY THEOLOGY.

OUR readers have heard of "Kilkenny cats," and of their internecine and exhaustive warfare; but we doubt they have not heard of the Kilkenny Theology. Let us give them an example thereof. It is recorded in the life-story of the socialist Owen, who labored so unsuccessfully at the old problem, "How to bring a clean thing out of an unclean," that during his apprenticeship he sometimes attended divine service with his master, and sometimes with his master's wife, not, however, unto edification in either case; for

the clergymen occupied themselves for the most part in attacking each the other's theology,—the Episcopalian belaboring Presbyterianism, and the Presbyterian Episcopalianism. Owen came to the conclusion that they were both wrong, and with this hopeful capital in negations proceeded to furnish himself *ad libitum* with denials, until he had divested himself entirely of the Gospel armor, and of all those garments of Aaron which are for glory and beauty to the soul. The two militant churchmen, instead of fighting with the Devil, fought with each other, and the Devil carried off him whom they should have shielded against his devices. So far as the young man was concerned, they had simply slain each other and cleared the field. Why will not theologians cease from their civil wars, and speak each one the positive truth which he finds edifying and gracious, and strive to build, in the firm persuasion that the thing which ought to fall will fall in due time, and that what is most needed is that something be reared and strengthened within, which shall stand forth in majesty and beauty when the worn-out structure tumbles into ruin?

E.

THE force of a saying varies with the mouth which utters it, as the blow of a hammer with the arm which wields it.

Reason and conscience, like man and wife,
 Unite their strength for the trials of life,
 And, side by side contending, prevail,
 When each, if left unaided, would fail.

The historian looks at men through a telescope, the moralist through a microscope.

The historian restores past ages, as the geologist restores extinct animals, by putting together and piecing out their fossil remains, and clothing them with beauty or deformity by the help of analogy.

Reading without reflection is only a narcotic for mental restlessness.

Literature consists mainly of a few ideas continually repeated with variations to suit different circumstances.

Books are like crates of crockery ; half
 Their contents usually are chaff.

Compact expression gives point to common thought.

Fiction crystallizes readily round a small nucleus of fact.

Many a writer's brilliancy is the phosphorescence of corruption.

How often wealth destroys its owner's peace,
The sleepless guardian of a golden fleece !

Those who have much to lose are much afraid of losing it. The wealthy are often afraid of coming to want ; for wealth usually produces indolence, and indolence incapacity, and incapacity a feeling of insecurity. Men who are actively employed have a spring of wealth in themselves ; but the idle rich draw from a reservoir, and live in dread of its being exhausted. Besides which, leisure and luxury naturally breed melancholy. The evil spirit finds the house empty and garnished, and enters in and dwells there.

A man who shows himself through a magnifying-glass will be thought smaller than he really is, when he comes out (as he must soon or late) in his true dimensions.

Small motives often call forth great efforts.

A man should train himself for difficulties, and not wait for them to train him. It is better to be inoculated with the small-pox than to take it in the natural way.

Lyell, in his "Travels in America," reports the following remark as made to him in this country : "Your nobody in England is our everybody in America."

Who's truly learned ? He who knows
Man's highest good from goodness flows.

Living words are often buried in dead ones, like a statue in a block. Strike away three quarters of the mass, and the rest starts into life.

Unequal conditions may produce equal happiness, and more good is often done with small means than with great ones.

Sweet as the fragrance of the fire
In which the phoenix dies,
The hope in which the good expire
Regenerate to rise ;
They know that death is priceless gain,
And, in its promise, triumph o'er its pain.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.—This fresh instalment of Lectures or Essays by Mr. Emerson has already been eagerly welcomed, and those who listened to the Lectures, and a multitude of persons who did not, will read the Essays with deep interest and unfeigned contentment. Given the time and place, Mr. Emerson was inevitable. New England, in the day of a declining and effete Calvinism, must needs produce him. The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide of men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost; and Mr. Emerson found himself a preacher of a doctrine which he had ceased to believe, and a priest at an altar which for him had become antiquated and superstitious. He took the only course which remained for a consistent and honest man, and turned to the Gentiles, not with the purpose of a Paul, but as one wholly in sympathy with them. Hence this masterly Gentile wisdom, proclaimed up and down in many Christian cities and villages, and even on the Lord's Resurrection Mornings. That Mr. Emerson is a noble Gentile, a fine old Greek, is not to be denied. And, as we say, in these days when so many have lost their faith, he is unconsciously, like the Gentiles of old, with their moralities and philosophies, preparing the way for a new coming of the Lord, laboring at the restoration of faith, one of the schoolmasters who shall bring men to Christ. We believe that the Christ would say to him, and to many who are with him, "You are not far from the kingdom of God, — nearer indeed than many who still speak according to the traditions, and minister at the old shrines." That any considerable number of men and women will ever be content to abide in the fields with this eloquent Priest of Nature, we cannot believe for a moment. Every earnest and brave affirmation from his pure lips will but awaken a longing for Him who alone embodies all these aspirations and is the substance

of all these shadows, — in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, now, as of old, — in whom we are complete, and from whom if we depart for a season it is only that with a deeper heart-cry we may return to Him, saying, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life." It was a wise and kind Providence that changed the essayist in the pulpit into the man of letters and lecturer, — and we know where to find him, and what to expect from him, for none is truer than he, or more lovingly outspoken; and whilst no wise man will choose to leave his home and the City of his God and go out into the wilderness, it is fortunate that those who are already gone out can listen to the voice of one crying in the wilderness and uttering better things than he knows. E.

Grimms' Popular Tales and Household Stories. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1861. — "Nothing but truth for the child!" say some, and so say we; only, do not understand by truth nothing but hard facts and dry reasonings. Let us have the truth of poetry, of fancy, of imagination, of dream-land, as well as of our common every-day world, — and by all means let us have the truth according to Grimm! — would there were four volumes instead of two! Is there no truth in a beautiful vision, — in a fair ideal? Was not the imagination of the child put into him to be cultivated? Before he is worked up as a brain, or a hand, or a foot, in some warehouse or factory, it will be well for him to read Grimm; and so we are exceedingly grateful to Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. for these finely printed and well-bound volumes. E.

The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Mr. Thornton has done his work well, and has put together a volume which will be found very interesting to the student of history and to the Christian moralist. Discussions upon the Christian question of non-resistance to tyranny are of course appropriate topics for the Christian sanctuary; but some of the discourses expand into applications which, as we judge, cannot profitably find place in a Christian pulpit, even in times of the highest political excitement, and are not free from sentiments, which, if they are creditable to the patriot, certainly are not to the divine. "*Can we ever love*

Britain again? asks Dr. Stiles. Why not? saith the Master. The fac-similes of the old title-pages, the portrait of Rev. Dr. Mayhew, the copy of a curious old print, entitled "An Attempt to land a Bishop in America," and the excellent typography, add to the interest of this valuable book. E.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE, Author of "The Angel in the House." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—This poem has not interested us so much as those by the same author which have gone before, and it contains much which can hardly be called poetry at all; but there is enough which is sweet and graceful to engage the reader's attention and secure for the poet his hearty thanks. It is a charming testimony to the beauty of love and goodness. We cannot refrain from commending the admirable typography, so legible even to dull eyes. E.

The Romance of Natural History. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S., Author of "Aquarium," &c., &c. With Elegant Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861.—Under the different heads of Times and Seasons, Harmonies, Discrepancies, Multum è Parvo, The Vast, The Minute, The Memorable, The Recluse, The Wild, The Terrible, The Unknown, The Great Unknown, with a real love and poetic appreciation of his subject, the author has told the story of his wanderings through the wide and rich fields of Nature, and gives us a fascinating report of the Romance of Natural History, which, without being superficial, is intelligible and instructive, —a good book for young and old. E.

A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor;" or, A Letter from MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by CAROLINE H. DALL, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor," &c., &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1860.—We have already called attention to this work, and given an extract from the advance sheets. A fuller perusal of Mrs. Dall's Preface and of Miss Zakrzeska's Letter has fully confirmed our favorable impressions. We hope that the little book will be widely read and earnestly pondered; it is stimulating and encouraging as well as saddening, cheering in its suggestions as well as faithful in its testimonies, and Mrs. Dall could have no more instruc-

tive instance to plead in support and illustration of the noble cause to which she has given herself. E.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. Author of "The Wanderer," &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — "Lucile" indicates no little talent, and ends far better than it begins; but on the whole it is not much to our liking. The best portions of it are the descriptions of nature; the men and women, even after they have been reformed, as they greatly needed to be, are not especially interesting. Owen Meredith is capable of things nobler, if less ambitious. E.

The Heroes of Europe. A Biographical Outline of European History, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. By HENRY G. HEWLETT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Cid, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Rudolph of Hapsburg, William Tell, Christopher Columbus, Luther, Loyola, Richelieu, are amongst the famous men whose stories are told in this well-written and well-illustrated volume, for the special benefit of the young, and of that portion of their elders who must economize their moments. E.

The Printer-Boy; or, How Ben Franklin made his Mark. An Example for Youth. By WM. M. THAYER, Author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1861. — The apostle of the wisdom which *does* bake bread, and economize it when baked, is sure to be a favorite in our utilitarian age and land, and there was very much in Franklin's life which deserves to be studied by the young of any age and land. Mr. Thayer has made a book which young people will find quite as interesting as any sensation *novellette*, and far more profitable. The clear paper, large type, and excellent illustrations add much to the value of the story. E.

The Benefit of Christ's Death; or, The Glorious Riches of God's free Grace, which every true Believer receives by Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. Originally written in Italian, by AONIO PALEARIO, and now reprinted from an ancient English Translation. With an Introduction by Rev. JOHN AYER, M. A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is the testimony of a martyr, and it has done good work in the world; for

three reasons it will have a value, though the treatment of the great theme may offer little which will meet the wants of our age of the Church. E.

Prerequisites to Communion. The Scriptural Terms of Admission to the Lord's Supper. By ALBERT N. ARNOLD, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — A very fair, able, and kindly statement of the views which are entertained upon this subject by our Baptist brethren. We are glad to learn from a trustworthy modern source just what these views are, though we are wholly unable to accept them. E.

Intercessory Prayer, its Duties and Effects. By G. W. MYLNE. From the Seventh English Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861. — For none of our Christian privileges do we find clearer warrants, whether in the Word of God or in the soul that has been taught and inspired by Jesus, than for this of Intercessory Prayer, and the Church of Christ may well be glad to be reminded of it by means of this beautiful little hand-book. E.

Memoirs and Reminiscences of the late Professor George Bush. Edited and arranged by WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. — This is a very incomplete and fragmentary record of one of the best of men. It will be read, however, with exceeding interest by any who have become acquainted with Professor Bush, either personally or by his writings. For vast learning, piety, — warm, humble, and tender, — a spirit fresh and childlike, and a heart in which there was no guile, there have been few men like him. The book has such extracts from his writings and letters as are more strictly autobiographical, and communications from persons who knew him, in which the traits of his character are depicted, and incidents related which illustrate his spirit and life. The letters of Messrs. Hayden, Bellows, and Whiting are specially interesting. S.

Legends of the Madonna as represented in the Fine Arts. By MRS. JAMESON. Corrected and Enlarged Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a reprint from an English edition, and forms one of the series in blue and gold. It shows the influence of the worship of

the Virgin on the plastic arts, and incidentally brings into relief the opinions and controversies of the Church on that subject. s.

The Percy Family. Baltic to Vesuvius. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. — There are no better books of travels for children's reading. The style is easy and colloquial, the descriptions vivid, and the young folks will be getting knowledge of the world and entertainment at the same time. The work is illustrated. s.

Wheat and Tares. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is an English novel, with a double plot. Reginald Leslie and Grace Featherstone, Wynne and Rachael Leslie, are the characters around which the interest of the novel is mainly concentrated. Reginald is a loose liver, and marries secretly against his mother's wishes. Rachael is a fine character, whose affections and hopes are blighted. There are the usual crossings and troubles which attend the course of true love in the development of the double plot. There are many dull pages, and some tragic passages; but Wynne and Rachael gain constantly on the sympathies of the reader to the close. s.

Lake-House. By FANNY LEWALD. Translated from the German, by NATHANIEL GREENE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — "Lake-House" is an old mansion in Germany, the scene of a terrible tragedy; and a description of the characters and incidents leading to it and connected with it constitutes the story of the novel. A dark, strange mystery hangs about the place, and allures the reader till it clears away. The translation is done into English that flows on smoothly and gracefully. s.

Hymns for Mothers and Children. Compiled by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — The compiler writes of her work, in her Preface, with an exceeding, if not an excessive modesty. Spite of the poor material of which she complains, she has made an admirable collection, a precious household book, that will nourish whilst it expresses the faith, hope, and love that are at once the fairest ornaments of childhood and the glorious possessions of a manhood and womanhood out of which the light of heaven has not been suffered to fade. The printer

and publisher have admirably seconded the compiler in this work of love. E.

Ninety Days' Worth of Europe. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — Contrary to the author's advice, we have read a large part of his book, and hope soon to read the whole of it. It is readable and sensible and instructive, without dullness. The traveller's carriage does not run always in the time-worn ruts, and yet we cannot complain of having been jolted. E.

Children's books by Walker, Wise, & Co. : —

Patty Williams's Voyage.

The Story of the Princess Narina and her Silver-feathered Shoes.

Nobody's Child, and other Stories. Edited by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," "Noisy Herbert," etc.

Sunny-eyed Tim, the Observant Little Boy. By the Author of "Faith and Patience."

Juthoo and his Sunday School. A Tale of Child-Life in India. By the Brahmin, J. G. GANGOOLY.

Theda and the Mountain. By the Author of "A Summer with the Little Grays."

These six volumes are called the "Silver Penny Series," and the series is to be further extended. They are put in beautiful gilt dress, bound uniformly, and make an excellent series for a child's library. There is a pleasant alternation of fact and fiction, of humor and pathos, always with a healthful religious and moral tone. The whole series may be had at twenty-five cents each, neatly done up in a pasteboard box; and whoever wishes to make a present to the little folks, with a design to make them good and happy, will hardly find a better opportunity than the one offered in these volumes. Parents will find full compensation in the cheerful sunshine which will be let in upon their hearths. S.

Student Life: Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Author of "Studies in Biography," "The Hearth-Stone," "Milestones," etc. New York: James Miller. — Six letters are here given, written to a young college friend, with college addresses, all bearing upon student life. The advice is all good, con-

veyed in a pleasing and familiar style. The print and binding are the pink of neatness, and are a luxury to the eye. s.

Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg. Collected by Dr. J. F. I. TAFEL of Tübingen, Germany; translated and revised by Rev. J. H. SMITHSON of Manchester, England. A new Edition, with Additions by GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. New York: published by the American New Church Association. — Part I. Testimony of personal friends and acquaintances of Swedenborg. Part II. Testimonies to Swedenborg's intercourse with the spiritual world. (Oberlin's valuable testimony is here included.) Part III. Letters and Documents relative to Swedenborg's general claim. — The whole makes a large pamphlet of 232 pages. s.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. Being Selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and other Sources. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — The multiplication of these sacred anthologies is one of the most encouraging signs of our religious times, and we are glad to welcome a "second series" of Hymns which are amongst God's best gifts to the ages, and have at once supplied the best expression and the best nutriment for the faith of the ages. Side by side with dry systems of divinity and juiceless books of casuistry, these heart-songs have come down to us; and whilst we might have spared the first and taken in their stead the old Gospels, which are better, we could not have spared the last. The Spirit breathes in numbers. Inspired prose has ever a peculiar rhythm; but poesy and prophecy belong together. The best human comforter is a sweet hymn, and when the soul of a true disciple of Christ is put into it, it becomes a Divine comforter, God-breathed. This second volume does not seem to us quite so carefully selected as the first, but it is nevertheless full of gems, and they have found a choice setting. E.

* * * Notices of several other books received from publishers we are obliged to omit till the next number, for want of room.